

~~1623. add~~

b.58.aa.2

¶ Colyn.
Clout.



Wat can it aua yle
To dryue forth a mayle
Or to make a sayle
Of an herynges sayle

To ryme or to ryme
To wryte or to indyre
Ewyther for delite
Or elis for to despite
Or booke s to compile
Of dyuers maner style

Wyce to reuile
End synne to exyle
To teache or to preache
As reason wyll teache
Saye thys and saye that
His head is so fat

He wotteh neuer what
Nor wherof he speakeh
He cryeth and he creketh
He pryeth and he peketh
He chydes and he chatters
He prates and he patters
He clytters and he clatters

A. it.

Be

He medles and he smatters
He gloses and he flatters
Or if he speake plaine
Than he lacketh brayne
He is but a foole
Let him go to scoole
A three foted stoole
That he may downe syt
for he lacketh wit
And if that he hit
The nayle on the head
It standeth in no stede
The Deuyll they say is dead
The Deuyll is dead.

It may wel so be
Or els they wold see
Otherwise and flee
From worldly vanitie
And foule covetousnes
And other wretchednes
Fickell falseresse
Maryablenesse

with vnsablenesse.

¶ And if ye stand in dout
Who brought this ryme about
My name is Colyn Clout
I purpose to shalst out
All my conning bagge
Lyke a clarkely hagge
For though my rime be vagged
Tattered and tagged
Rudely rayne beaten
Rusty and moothie eaten
If ye talke well thereworth
It hath in it some pith
For as farre as I can see
It is wrong with eche degree
for the temporallty
Accuseth the spirituallty
The spirituall agayn
Doth grudge and complain
Upon the temporall men
Thus eche of other bloter
The tone against the tother

• Blasfe

Glas they make me shoder
for in shoder moder
The churche is put in faulte
The prelates ben so haut
They say and loke so hye
As though they wold flye
Aboue the sterry sky

Lay men say in dede
How they take no hede
Their sely shepe to sede
But plucke away and pul
The flescs of their wull
Unnethes they leue a locke
Of wull amonge their flocke
And as for they conning
A glumming and a mummynge
And make therof a tape
They gaspe and they gape
All to haue promocyon
There is their whole deuocyon
With money, if it wyll hap
To catch the forbed cap

Foxloth

Forsoth they are to lewd
To say so all be shrewd

What crowye they say more
Of the byschoppe's loze
How in matters they be rabe
They lumber forth the lawe
To herken Jacke and Gyl
Whan they put vp a bil
And judge it as they wyl
For other mens skil
Expounding out their clauses
And leave they own causes
In their pryncipal cure
They make but lytle sure
And meddels very light
In the churches right
But Ire and venice
And sol fa, so a lamice
That the premenire
Is like to be set a fire
In their iurisdictions
Through temporall afflictions

Men

Men say they haue prescriptions
Against þ spiritual contradictions,
Accompting them as fictions.

C And while s the heades doe thys
The remnaunt is a mis
The remnaunt is a mys
Of the clergy all
Both great and smal
I wot never how they warke
But thus the people carke
And surely thus they say
By shoppes if they may
Smal houses wold kepe
But slumbre forth and slepe
And assay to crepe
Within the noble walles
Of the kinges halles
To fat the y^r bodyes ful
Their soules lame and dul
And haue fullitle care
How euil theit shepe fare

C The temporality say plain

How

How bisshopes disdaun
Sermons for to make
Or such labour to take
And for to say trouth
A great part is ful slouth
But the greatest part
Is for they haue but small art
And right slender cunning
Within their heades wunning
But this reason they take
How they are able to make
With their gold and treasure
Clerkes out of measure
And yet that is a pleasure
How be it some there bee
Almost two or three
Of that dignitie
full worshipfull Clerkes
As appeareth by their werkes
Like Aaron and Iire
The wolfe from the doze
To wary and to kepe
From their gostly Shepe

And

And their spiritual lammes
Sequestred from rammes
And from the berded Gotes
With their hercotes
Set nought by gold ne gotes
Their names I durst tel.

But they are lothe to mel
And loths to hang the bel
About the cattes necke
For dzed to haue a checke
They are fain to play deus deck
How be it they ate good men
Much hasted lyke an hen
Theit lessons forgotton they haue
That Becket them gaue
Thomas manum mittit ad forcia
Spernit damna spernit opprobria
Nulla Thomam strangit iniuria
But now euery spirituall father
Men say they had rather
Spende muche of their share
Than to be comyred with care

Spend

Spende, naye but spate
For let see who that daie
Shoe the mockissh mare
They make her winche and kicke
But it is not worthe a leetke
Boldnesse is to seeke
The churche for to defende
Take me as I intende
For lothe I am to offendre
In thy s that I haue pende
I tell you as men say
Amend when ye may
For vs que ad montem fare
Men say ye cannot appate
For some say ye hunt in parkes
And Hawke on hobby Larkes
And other wanton warkes
Whan the night darkes.

Cwhat hath lay men doe
The gray gole for to hoe?
Like houndes of hell
They cry and they yell

Hewe

How that ye sell
The grace of the holy ghost
Thus they make their boist
Through euery cost
How some of you do eat
In Lenton season flesh meat
fesauntes Partriche and cranes
Men call you therefore prophanes
Ye picke no Shrympes nor pranes
Saltfish, Stockfish nor Herring
It is not for your weating
Nor in holy Lenton season
Ye wil neither Beres ne Peason!
But ye looke to be let loose
To a pygge or to a Goole
your gorge not endewed
Without a Capon stewed
Or a stewed Cocke
Under her surfled smocke
And her wanton wodicocke

And how whan ye geue orders
In your prouinciall borders

As at scientes

Some are in sufficietes

Some parum sapientes

Some nichil intelligentes

Some valde negligentes

Some nullum sensum habentes

But bestially and vntaught

But whan ther haue once caught

Dominus vobiscum by the hed.

Than renne they in euery stede

God wot with dronken nolles

Yet take they cures of loules

And wotech never what they rede

Pater noster nor Crede

Construe not worth a whiffle

Nether gospel nor psotle

They Mattins madly sayd

Nothyng deuoutly praid

Their learning is so small

Their prymeres and houres fall

And lepe out of their lippes

Lyke sawdust or dry chippes

I speake not now of al

But

But the moche parte in generall
Of such vacabundus
Speaketh totus Mundus
Howsome syng letabundus
At every ale stake
With welcome hake and make
By the bread that God brake
I am sorry for your sake
I speake not of the good wife
But of theyr Apostles lyfe
Cum ipsis bell illis
Qui manent in villis
Est breui vel ancilla
Welcome Jacke and Gilla
My pretyn Petronylla
And you wyl be mylla
You shal haue your mylla
Of such pater noster pekes
All the world speakes.

CIn you the fault is supposed
for that they are not apposed
By iust examinacion

In

In conning and counterfacion
They haue none instruction
To make a true construction
A priest without a letter
Without his vertue be greater
Doutlesse were much better
Upon him soz to take
A Mattocke or a Rake
Alas soz very shame
Some can not declyne theyr name
Some can not scarsly rede
And yet wyll not drede
Soz to kepe a cure
And in nothing is sure
This dominus bobiscum
As wyse as Tom a thum
A chaplayne of trust
Layth all in the dust

¶ Thus I Colin Clout
As I go about
And wandryng as I walke
I heare the people talke

Men

Men say for syluer and Gold
Miters are bought and sold
There shall no clergy appose
A myter nor a Crose
But a full purse
A straw for goddes curse
What are they the worse
For a simoniake
Is but a hermoniake
And no more ye make
Of Symony men say
But a childe's play

¶ Quer this the forsayd lay
Report how the Pope may
A holy anker call
Out of the stony wall
And hym a byshop make
If he on him dare take
To kepe so hard a rule
To ryde vpon a Mule
With gold all betrapped
In purple and paule be lapped

Some

Some hatted and some capped
Rychely be wrapped
God wot to theyn great paynes
In Rotchettes of fine raynes
Whyte as morowes myle
Their tabettes of fine selke
Their strops of mixt gold begaynes
There may no cost be spared
Their Moples Golde doth eate
Theyr neyghbours dye for meat.

What care they though Gill Cweat
O Jacke of the Noyse
The pore people they pake
With Sammons and Citacions
And excommunicacions
About churches and market
The byshop on his carpet
At home full soft doth spe
This is a fearful fynt
To heare the people iangle
How warely they wrangle
glas why do ye not handle

B.L. And

And them all mangle
full falsly on you they lye
And shamefully you as cry
And say as bittuely
As the butterfyle
A man might say in mocke
vitiate the weþer Cocke
Of the people of þoules
And thus they hurt their soules
In sciauntryng you for truthe
Alas it is great ruthe
Some say ye lye in trones
Like prynce s aquilonis
And shyne your rotten bone s
With peacles and þreciois stonis
But how the commonis gtones
And the people mone s
for preestes and for lone s
Lent and never payde
But from day to day delayd
The commune welth decayd
Men say ye are tungē tayde
And therof speake nothing

But

But dissimuling and glosyng
Wherfore men be supposing
That ye gene shrewd counsel
Against the commune wel
By pollyng and pillage
In cities and village
By taxyng and tollage
ye haue monkes to haue þ culstages
for coueryng of an old cottage
That committed is a collage
In the charter of bottage
Tenure par seruice de lottage
And not par seruice de socage
After olde segnyours
And the learning of little to tenours
ye haue so ouerthwarted
That good lawes are subuerted
And good reason peruerted

Religious men are fayne
for to turne agayne
In secula seculorum
And to for;sake their cozum

D. ff. And

And vacabundate per forsum
And take a syne metitorum
Contra regulam morum
Aut blacke monacorum
Aut canonicorum
Aut Bernardinorum
Aut crucifixorum
And to syng from place to place
Lyke apostataas

And the self same game
Begon and now with shame
Amongest the sely punnes
My lady now she runnes
Dame Sybly our Abbesse
Dame Dorothe and lady Belle
Dame Hare our Dryoyesse
Out of theyr cloyster and queere
With an heauy theete
Must cast vp their blacke hayles
And set vp their focke sayles
To catch wind with their ventales
What Colin ther thou shalles
yet thus with yll hayles

one

The

The lay fee people rayles

And all they lay
In you prelates and say
ye do wrong and no right
To put them thus to flight
No Matins at midnight
Woke and chalis gone quite
Plucke away the leades
Over the y^r heades
And sel away the y^r rebels
And al they that haue elg
Thus the people tels
Rayles lyke rebels
Rede shrewdly and spels
And with soundacions mels
And talke lyke tituelles
How ye breake the deades wols
Turn monasteris into water mells
Of an Abbay they make a graunge
your workes they say are straunge
So that they founders soules
Haus lost they bradcoules

B. iii.

The

The mony for theyr masses
Spent among wanton lasses
The Dinges ate forgotten
Their founders lye there rotten
But where the y^r soules dwel
therwith I wil not inel
What could the Turke do more
With al hys false loye
Turke, Sarazyn or Jew
I report me to you

O merciful Jesu
you support and rescite
My stile for to directe
It may take some effect
For I abhorre to wryte
How the lay fee disperte
yon prelates that of right
Should be lanternes of light
ye lune they say in delyte
Drowned in deliciis
In gloria et diuinitis
Into admirabile honore

In

In gloria et splendorc
Fulgurantes haste
Viventes parum caste
yet swete meat hath sone saunce
For after gloria laus
Christ by cruelte
Was nayled vpon a tree
He payed a bitter penaunce
For mans redempcyon
He dyanke eisel and gall
To redeeme vs withall
But swete Ippocas ye drynake
With let the Cat winke
Ich wot what eche other thinke
How be it per assimile
Some men thinke that ye
Shal haue penalty
For your intiquity
Nota what I say
And beare it well awaie
If it ple ase not theologys
It is good for astrologis
So; Ptolome told me

at he

The sunne somtyme to be
In Ariete ascendent a degree
Whan Scorpion descending
Was so then pretending
All fatall for one
That shall sit on a trone
And rule all thinges alone
Your teeth whet on this bone
Amongest you everyhond
And let Collyn Clout haue none
Want of cause to mone
Lay salve to your own sore
fooles, as I sayd before
After gloria laug
May come a source sauce
Soyz therfore am I
But trouth can never lye

With language thus poluted
Holy church is bruted
And shamefully confuted
My pen now wyll I charpe

add.

Ind

And woxit up my harpe church
With sharp twinking trebles
Against al such rebels
That labour to confound
And byng the church to the ground
As ye may daily see
Howe the Laye fee
Of one assente
Consente and agree
Agaynste the Churche to be
And the dignitee
Of the bysshoppes fee
And eyther ye be to bad
Or els they are mad
Of this to report
But vnder your suppoxt
Tyll my dying day
I shall bothe wryte and saye
And ye shal do the same
Howthey are to blame
you thus to disfame
for it maketh me sad
How that the people are glad

Che

The church to deppare
And some there are that rane
Presuming on their wit
Whan there is never a whit
To maintain argumentes
Against the sacramentes

Some make epilogacion
Of high predesitacion
And of residenacion.
They make interpretacion
Of an aquard facion
And of the prescience
Of diuine essence
And what Ipostatis
Of Christes manhode is
Suche logike men wylchop
And in their fury hop
Whan the good ale sop
Dothe daunce in their fore top
Both women aud men
Such ye may wel know and ken
That agayn presthode

they

These malices spred abrode
Bailing hainously
And disdaiously
Of priestly dignities
But their malignities

¶ And some haue a smacke
Of Luthers sacke
And a brenning sparke
Of Luthers warke
And are somewhat suspect
In Luthers sect
And some of them barke
Clatter and Carpe
Of that Heresy att
Called wicleuista
The Deuelish dogmatista
And some be hussians
And some be Urian
And some be pollegians
And make much varians
Betwene the clergy
And the temporality

Howe

How the church hath to mickel
And they haue to litel
And bryng him in maierialties
And qualifid qualitieſ
Of pluralities
Of tryalities
And of tot quottes
They communie like lotteſ
As cometh to their lotteſ
Of prebendaries and deaneſ
How ſome of them gleaneſ
And gathereth vp the ſtore
For to catch more and more
Of perſons and vicarieſ
They make many ouer cryeſ
They cannot kepe theiſ wiueſ
From them for theiſ liueſ
And thus the loſels ſtriveſ
And lewelly ſayes by Chyſt
Agaynſt the ſely priеſt
Alas and wel away
What ayleſ them thus to ſay
They mought be better aduyſed

Then

Then to be disgised
But they haue enterpryseid
And shamefully surmised
How prelacy is sold and bought
And come vp of nought
And where the prelates be
Come of lowe degrē
And set in māesty
And spiritual dignitē
Farwel benignity
Farwel simplicity
Farwel humility
Farwel good charitē

ye are so puffed with pryde
That no man may abide
your high and lordly lokes
ye cast vp then your booke
And vertue is forgotten
For then ye will be wroken
Of every light quarel
And call a Lord a iauel
A knyght a knave to make

1015

ye

ye boſte, ye face, ye crake
And bpon you take
To rule king and kayſer
And if you may haue layſer
ye bryng all to nought
And that is all your thought
for the Lordes temporall
Their rule is verye ſmal
Almost nothing at al
Men ſay how ye appah
The noble bloud royal
In ernest and in game
ye are the leſſe to blame
for Lordes of noble bloud
If they wel vnderſtand
How conning might them auance
They wold pype you another daunce
But noble men boorne
To leatne they haue ſcorne
But hunt and blow an hōme
Leape ouer lakes and dikeſ
Set nothing by politike ſtate
Cherto're ye kepe them bace

And

And mocke them to their face
This is a pitious case
To you that ouer the wheele
Lordes must couch and kneele
And breake theyr hase at the knes
As daily men may see
And to remembraunce cal
Fortune so turneth the ball
And ruleth so ouer all
That honour hath a great fall
What tel you more, ye shal
I am lothe to tel al
But the communalty ye call
Idols of Babilon
De terra fabulon
De terra Peptalym
for you loue to go trim
Brought vp of pore estate
Wylth pryde inordinate
Sodaply vpstart
From the dong cart
The Mattokes and the Shule
To regne and to rule
And

And haue no grace to thinke
How they we're went to byynke
Of a lether bottell
With a knawly stoppel
Whan manokes was yout meat
With mould bryde to eat
ye wold none other geat
To chewe and to gnaw
To fil therwith your maw
Lodged in the braynes
Touching yout drousy heades
Somtime in lousy beddes

Alas this is out of mind
ye grow now out of kynd
Many one haue but witt
And make the commons blith
But quise exst that stave
Let him well beware
Least that his sole my
And haue such a trap
And false in such decay
That al the world myght say
Come down in the devilly way

the

yet

CYet ouer all that
Of bisshops they chat
That though ye rounde your heare
An ynche aboue your eare
And aures patentes
And parum intendentes
And your coursers be trapped
your eares they be stopped
for maister adulatoz
And doctour assentatoz
And blandizo; blanditiz
With mento; mentitis
That ye can not espie
They folow your desyres
And so they blere your epe
How the male doth vox vte

CAllas for gods wil
Whye lytte ye Prelates styl
And suffer all this yll
ye Bysshoppes of estates
Shoulde open the brode gates
for your spirituall charge

C.i. *And*

And confort at large
Like lanternes of light
In the peoples sight
In pulpettes anent
for the wele publike
Of p[ri]esthos in this case
and always to chace
Suche manner of simonies
and halfe hereties
That wold intoxicate
That wold conquinate
That wold contaminate
And that would violate
And that would derogate
And that would abrogate
The church high estates
After this manner rates
The whiche shoude be
Bothe franke and free
And haue their liberty
And of antiquity
It was ratifyed
And also gratafyed

B

By holy synodis
And buls papalis
As it is res certa
Conteyned in magna Carta.

¶ But maister Barnyan
Or some other man
That clerke lyis, and can
Well scripture expound
And textes grounde.
His benefice worth ten pounds
Or litant worth twenty marks
And yet a noble clerke
He must do this merke
As I know a part
Some maysters of art
Some doctours of law
Some learned in other law
As in diuinitie
That hath no dignitie
But the pore degree
Of the vntuerstite
Or else frere Fredericke

C.ii.

D.

O^r el^s frere Dominike
O^r frere Hugulinus
O^r frere Agustinus
O^r frere Carmelus
That gostly can heale vs
O^r else if we maye
Get a frere Graye
O^r else of the order
Upon Grenewiche border
Called obseruaunce
And a frere of fraunce
O^r else the poore scot
It muste come to hys lot
To shote forth his hot
O^r of Babuell beside Bery
To postell upon a kyng
That woulde it shoulde be noted
How scripture shoulde be coted
And so clerky promoted
And yet the frere doted
Men say

But your authority

Ind

And your noble fee
And your dignitie
Should be imprinted better
Then all the freres letter
For if ye wolde take payne
To preache a worde or twayne
Though it were never so playne
With clauses two or three
So as they myghte be
Compendiouslye conueyed
These wordes shold be more weid
And better perceyued
And thankfully receyued
And better sholdes remayne
Amonge the people playne
That wolde your wordes retayne
And reherse them agayne
Than a thousand thousand other
That blaber, barke and blotter
And make a Walshmans hose
Of the text and of the glose

¶ For protestation made

C.iii

That

That I wyl net wade
farther in this brooke
Nor farther for to looke
In deuising of this booke
But answer that I may
for my self alwaye
Either analogice
Or els rathagorice
So that in diuinitie
Doctoris that learned be
Nor bachelors of that facultie
that hath taken degré
In the vniuersitie
Shall not be objected for me.

¶ But doctour bullatus
Parum litteratus
Dominus doctozatus
At the broude gatus
Doctour daupatus
And bacheler bacheleratus
Dronken as a mouse
At the ale house

Caketh

Taketh his pessoun and his cap
At the good ale tap
For lacke of good wyue
As wyse as Robin Swaine
Under a notaries signe
Was made a diuine
As wise as waltons calfe
Must preache a goddes halfe
In the pulptyt solempnly
More meet in a pillopy
For by saynt Hillary
He can nothynge smatter
Of logike nor scole matter
Ne yther silogisate
Nor of emptiness iate
Nor knoweth his eloquence
Nor his predicanience

And yet he wil mel
To amend the Gospel
And wil preach and tel
What they do in hel
And he dace not wel neuer

Wlham

What they do in heauen
Nor how far temple bate is
From the stuen sterres

No we wyll I goe
And tell of other moe
Semper protestandoe
De non impugnandoe
The foure orders of fryers
thoughe some of them be lyers
As limiteres at large
Wyll charge and discharge
As many a fryer God wot
Preaches for his grote
Flatteryng for a newe cote
And for to haue hys fees
Some to gather cheese
Lothe they are to leese
Eyther Corne or Mault
Sometime Meale and Mault
Sometime a bacon flicke
that is three fingers thycke
Of larde and of greace

they

Their couent to encrass

CI put you out of doubt
This cannot be brought about
But they their tonges file
And make a pleasaunte style
To Margerye and to Maude
 Howe they haue no fraude
And somtyme they prouoke
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke
Their duties to withdraw
That they ought by the law
Their curates to content
In open time and in Lente
God wot they take great payne
To flatter and to fayne
But it is an old sayd saw
That neede hathe no lawe
Some walke aboute in melottes
In gray russet and he ry cotes
Some wil neither golde ne grotes
Some pluck a partrich in remotes
And by the barres if her tayle

egil

Wil know a rauen from a rayle
I quash the raile, and the old rauen
Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.
And by dudum their clementine
Againstste Curates repine
And say proprely thei are sacerdotes
To shypue, assyple and reles
Dame margeries soule out of hel
But when the frer fel in the wel
He could not sing himself therout
But by the helpe of Christian clout

CAnother clementine also
Now frere Fabion, with other mo
Exiuit de paradiiso
Whan they again thether shall com
De hoc petimus consilium
And through all the wrold they go
With Dirige and placebo.

But now my minde ye understand
For they muste take in hand
To preach and to withstand.

All maner of afflictions
For bisshops haue protection
They say to do corrections
But they haue no affections
To take the sayd byrections
In such maner of cases
Men say they beare no faces
To occupy such places
To sow the sede of graces
They hattes are so faynted
And they be so attaynted
With couetous and ambition
And other supersticion
That they be deafe and dum
And play scylenz and glum
Can say nothing but mum.

¶ They occupy theim so
With singing placebo
They wyl no farther go
They had leuer to please
And take their worldly easse
Than to take on hand

Worshyp to wythstande

Such temporal war and bate
As nowe is made of late
Against holy church estate
Or to mayntayne good quarelles
The laye men call them barelles
Full of glotonye
And of hypocrisye
The counterfaytes and painets
As they were verye saintes
In matters that them lyke
They shew them politike.

Pretending grauitte
And syg nyoytis
With all solempnitie
For their indempnitie
For they will haue no lesse
Of a peny, nor of a crosse
Of theyr predyall landes
That cometh to their handes
And as farre as they dare set

all is fyſhe that cometh to the net
Building royally
Theyr mēnions curiouſly
With turrettes and with toures
With halles and with boutes
Stretching to the ſtarres
With glaſſe windowes and barres
Hangyng about the walles
Clothes of golde and palleſ
Arras of ryche araye
Frefhe as floures in Maye
Wyth dame Dyan naked
Hōwe lustye Venus quaked
And hōwe Cupide ſhaked
His darte and bente hys bowe
For to ſhote a Crowe
At her tyzly tyzlowe
And hōwe Patys of Troye
Daunced a lege de moy
Made lustye ſpozte and ioye
With dame Helyn the Queene
With ſuch ſtoryes by deen
Theiſ chambers well be ſeen

With

With triumphes of Cesar
And of his Pompeius was
Of renoume and of fame
By them to get a name

How all the world stetes
How they ryde in goodly chare
Conueyed by Olyphantes
With Lauriat garnentes
And by vnycornes
With their semely hornes
Upon these beastes riding
Naked boyes stidynge
With wanton wenches winking
How truly to my thinking
That is a speculacon
And a mete meditacion
For prelates of estate
Their courage to abate
From worldly wantonnes
Their chambre thus to dres
With such parfetnes
And all such holynes

Howe

How be it they let downe all
Their churches cathedral

CQuire knight and Lord
Thus the church remord
With all temporal people
They runne against the steeple
Thus talkinge and tellinge
Howe some of you are melyng
yet softe and sayre for swellyng
Beware of a queanes yelling
It is a besything
for one man to rule a king
Alone and make rekeining
To governe ouer all
And rule a realme royall
By one mannes wit
Fortune may chaunce to slyt
And whan he weneth to syt
yet may he mysse the quishon
for I rede a prepcion
Sum regibus amicare
Et omnibus dominate

Ex

Et suprate prauate
Wherfore he hathe good bps
That can him self assure
How fortune wyl endure
Than let reason you support
For the communalte
That they haue great wonder
That we kepe them so vnder
yet they meruayle so muche lesse
For ye play so at the chesse
As they suppose and gesse
That some of you but late
Hath played so checkmate
With Lordes of greate state
After such a rate
That they shall mell noz make
Nor vpon them take
For king nor Kayser sake
But at the pleasure of one
That ryuerth the rest alone.

Helas, I saye helas
Howe maye thys come to passe
That

That a man shall heare a man
And not so hardy on his head
To loke on God in forme of breade
But that the party he clerke
There vpon must hecke
And graunt him at his asking
For to see the sacryng

I and how may this accord
No man to our souverayne Lord
So hardy to make such thinges
Nor to execute
His commaundementis
Without the assyng and refylng
Of our president
Nor to reppresse to his petyon
Without your consentation
Graunt him his licence
To preache to his presence
Nor to speake to him secretly
Openly nor priuily
Without his president or by
Or els his substitute

D. i. whom

Whome he to pfor pose
Be yþt the rþ Earle or Duke, þen com
Permitte by saynt Luke and þe
And by sweet saynt Matthe
This is a wondrous warke
That the people talk this to dñe
Somewhat there is amissio[n]e
the devil cannot stop their mouthes
but they wil talk of such uncoutnes
All that ever they knowe or thinke
Against all spirituall meynestis

Whether it be wronge or ryghte
Or els for dispighte is critised
Or howe euer it happe; þe que[n]tis
They þe younges thus do clasp or roste
And through such detraction
They put you to your action
And whether they say truly
As they may abide therby
Or els that they do lyþe
Ye knowe better than I
But now, debatis sciencis

þe oþer

And

And groundlye stande
In your conuenitie
Of this premerise
Or els in the myre
They say they wil you cast
Therefore stande sure and fast.

Stand sure and take good foynting
And let be al your motyng
your gasing and your foyning
And your pacciall promoting
Of thofe that stande in your gracie
But olde seruauntes ye chalenge
And put them out of the place
Make ye no murmouracion in iude
Though I wypce after this factour
Though I Colyn Cloud have iude
Among the wholsounes redounde
Of you that clearkes be
Take upon me thus bryghte iude
Thus copiouflye to bewte
I do it not for no despit
Wherfore take no disvaine

At my falle rade and playne
For I rebuke no man
That detinous is, wher thare
Shalke ye your anger on me
For those that vertuous be
Haue no cause to say
That I speake out of the way

I Of no good byshop speake I
Nor good preist I clerke
Good frere, nor good Chanon
Good munne, nor good Canon
Good monk, nor good Clerke
Nor of no good barcher
But my rebukynge is
Of them that do amiss
In spekynge and rebelling
In hindernyng and disauailling
Holy church our mother
One against another
To bese such despising
Is all my whole wryting
To hinder no man

As neare as I can
For no man haue I named
Wherfore shoulde I be blamid
ye ought to be ashamed
Against me to be gesid
And cannot tell no cause why
But that I wryte truly

Then if anywhere be
Of high or low degree
Of the spirituality
Or of the temporality
That doth thinke or bothe
That his conscience be not cleane
And seleth hym selfe sycke
Or touched on the quiche
Such grace God then send
Them selfe to amend
For I wyl not vretend
Any man to offend

Wherfore as thinketh me
Great pdesstes they be

D. M. A.M.

And lytle grace they haue
This treatise to depzaue
Nor wil heare no preaching
Nor no vertuous teachyng
Nor wyll haue no resiting
Of any vertuous wryting
Wil know none intelligenes
To refourme their negligence
But lue sil ent of facion
To their owne damnacyon
To do shame, they haue no shame
But they wold no man shuld them
They haue an euyl name (blame
But yet they wil occupy the same

CWith them the word of God
Is counted for no god
They count it for a tailling
That nothing is auayling
The preachers with euil hailing
Shal they daunt vs prelates
That be their paymantes?
Not so hardy on their paces

Herke

Harke how the losel preates
With a wido mesaunte
Auant sy Guy of gaunt
Auante he wode preest auant
Auante sy doctour deupre
Preate of thy mattens and thy masse
And let our matter passe
How darest thou dauocke me!
How darest thou losel
Alligate the gospel
Against vs of the counsel
Auant to the devill of hel

CTake hem warden of the stede
Set him fast by the rete
I say lyuetenant of the tounce
Make this ludden loy to loue
Lodge him in litle case
Fede him wyth weches and pease
the kinges banch or marshally
Haue him therer by and by
the villaine preacheth openly
And declarer our villany

And

End of our free simblachesse
He sayes that we are cethleſſe —
And full of wylfulnesſe
Shameles, and merciles
Incorrigible and infaciates
End after this rāce
Against vs both pāce

At Paule's croſſe paſſe wherſe
Openly at Weymynſtere
And saynt Mary Spittel
They ſet not byps a whilkeſe
At the Lutſen fyvers
They count vs for lyvers

End at Saynt Thomas of Akers
They ſay us lyke craticeſſe
How we wyl rule al at wil
Without good reaſon or thyll
And ſay how that we be
Full of paſcialing
And how at a pōmeſe
We turne right into wrong

Delay

Delay causeth so longe
That right we man can songe
They say many matters be done
By the right of a rammes horn
Is not this a shameful storie?
To be teared thus and done.

How may we thus indire
Therefore we make you succ
ye preachers shalbe payde
Some shalbe lade
As noble Ezechias
The holy prophet was
And some of you shall dye
Lyke holy Jeremp
Some hanged somelapin
Some beaten to the braynes
And we wil rule and ryme
And our matters maintaine
Who dare say therre agayne
Or who dare dysdaine
At your pleasure and will
For be it good or be it ill

As it is, it shalbe still
For al master doctour of chylle
Or of diuine, or doctour byysul
Let hym cough, rough or seneul
Renne god, renne deul
Renne who may renne best
And let take all the rest
We set not a nut shely
the way to heauen or to hel.

¶ Lo, this is the gise now a dayes
It is to drede men sayes
Least the i be saducies
As they be sayd saynt
Which determine playne
Boore shold not rile agayne
At dreadfull domes day
And so it semeth they play
Which hate to be corrected
Whan they be infected
No; wyl suffre thys booke
By hooke ne by crooke
Printed for to be

Fo;

For that no man shold see
Nor rede in any scrollles
Of their dronken nolles
Nor of their noddy polles
Nor of theyz sely soules
Nor of some witties pates
Of diuers great estates
As well as other men
CNow to withdraw my pen
And now a while to rest
Me semeth it for the best.

CThe fore castel o' my ship
Shall glide and smothely slip
Out of the waues wode
Of the stormye floude
Shote anker and lye at rode
And sayle not farre a brode
Til the cooste be clere
That the lode starre appere
My shyp now wyl I perre
towarde the port salu
Of our sauiour Jesu

Such

Such grace that he descend
To rectify and amend
Things that are amiss
Whan that his pleasure is.

Amen.

In opere imperfecto
In opere semper perfecto
Et in opere plus quam perfecto

Imprynted at London by Iohn
Wallye dwelinge in So-
terlane.

